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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Lydia Maria Childs

Not for brief days thy generous sympathies,
  Thy scorn of selfish ease;
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal
  Thy strong uplift of soul.

Than thine was never turned a fonder heart
  To nature and to art
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden prime,
  Thy Philothea's time.

Yet loving beauty, thou could'st pass it by,
  And for the poor deny
Thyself, and see thy fresh, sweet flower of fame
  Wither in blight and blame.

Sharing His love who holds in His embrace
  The lowliest of our race,
Sure the Divine economy must be
  Conservative of thee!

For truth must live with truth, self-sacrifice
  Seek out its great allies;
Good must find good by gravitation sure,
  And love with love endure.

—*Whittier.*

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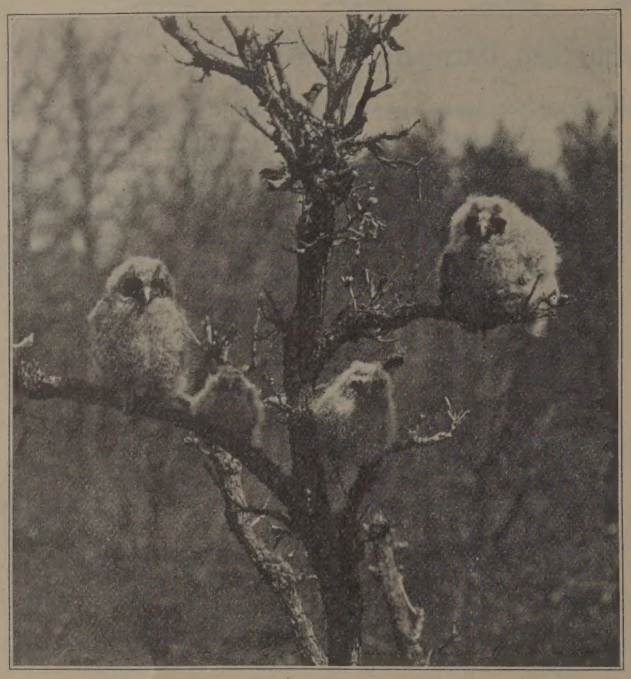
BIRD LECTURES

Illustrated by Stereopticon.

By Rett E. Olmstead.



Young Long-Eared Owls, Taken at Rochester, Minn., April, 1904.

Dixon, Illinois, March 28, 1905.

Mr. Rett E. Olmstead recently delivered to the schools of Dixon two stereopticon lectures upon "Our Native Birds"—one in the afternoon to the lower grades, and one at night to the upper grades and the High School, as well as to adults of the city. The views shown were fine pictures of his own taking, and the lecture thoroughly sympathetic. The young hearer who catches Mr. Olmstead's spirit does not thereafter simply *know* more about birds; he *cares* more about them; and if he hunts them still it is more likely to be with the *camera* than the *gun*. Mr. Olmstead also kindly conducted our teachers on a "bird walk" through a wooded tract near the city, showing them how they might, in time, interest their pupils in the pleasant work of identifying our little friends of the air. Schools, Sunday-schools, Teachers' Institutes—any of them—could scarcely spend an hour more profitably or pleasantly than in listening to Mr. Olmstead.

L. B. Neighbour,
Supt. of Schools, Dixon, Ill.

CROWDS HEAR "BIRD TALKS."

Sioux City, Ia., Journal, 23: Interest? So much interest that, personified as it was by the school children, their teachers, fond mammas and other friends, it could not be crowded into the Y. M. C. A. auditorium yesterday afternoon. Many holders of the green slip of admitance or the 10 cents which was good for a slip, were not able to hear the talk of Rett E. Olmstead, the bird man, or even see the vivid and lifelike stereopticon views with which he illustrated the talk.

If this morning the children of Sioux City are not better versed in bird lore it is not because they did not make an effort to hear about their feathered friends, nor is it because Mr. Olmstead failed to live up to the encomiums spoken of his knowledge and ability along this line.

The audience was deeply interested in the realistic slides of birds as they look in their own haunts, and listened atentively to the "bird man" as he told in a simple and pleasing manner the stories of his visits to the birds, of his catching them unawares—with his camera—and his observations of their characteristics and habits.

The lecture, which was given under the auspices of the Mothers' Child Study club, was repeated in the evening before another large and interested audience at Mayflower Congregational church.

Single Lectures or a series will be given. The Lectures are suitable for *Audubon* and *Humane Societies, Schools, Teachers' Institutes, Libraries, Women's Clubs, Farmers' Institutes and Lecture Courses.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII | THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1906 | NUMBER 6

APRIL.

See the apple-orchard
Bathing head and shoulders
In the dazzling pea-green
Rising-tide of April;
While an ancient pear tree
In the kitchen garden
Spreads the rugged outline
Of its jet-black branches
Underneath a drifted
Mass of snowy blossoms.
Tinted is the herbage
With unnumbered violets.
Tiny sky-blue butterflies,
Like uprooted flowerets,
Flirt among the sunbeams.
Hickory-tips are bursting
Into clustering parachutes.
On the white-oak saplings
Pink and folded leaflets
Now uncurl ther tendrils
Like the opening fingers
Of soft new-born babies.
Listen! From the marshes
Multitudinous frog notes,
Ringing out metallic,
Like the ghosts of sleigh-bells;
While a red-winged blackbird,
Eager to be mating,
From a bare twig bugles,
"O-kal-ee—it's April!"

—Ernest Crosby.

The Senior Editor takes pleasure in presenting UNITY to its readers this week in a new outer garment. The cover witnesseth to the good work done for and with UNITY by our faithful and tireless Field Secretary, Mr. Osborne. That he works on long lines and with a wisdom and sagacity that promises success, we are glad to testify. He is doing what the present writer never could do. Will not UNITY readers help keep the ball rolling? We believe that UNITY deserves and will reward patronage, both in the direction of subscribers and of advertisers. If we think Mr. Osborne has done well, let us show our appreciation by helping.

Current Literature for April is attractive, both to the eye and to the mind. The notice of Frenssen's novel entitled, "The New Gospel; a Study of Christianity as a Factor in American Politics," the "Disturbing Scholarship" which relates to Professor Schmidt's book on "The Prophet of Nazareth," and Professor Foster's book on "The Finality of the Christian Religion," and the article on "The Morality of the Future," represent matter that greatly commends itself to UNITY readers. The buyer of current monthlies who takes home this number will be abundantly rewarded by the wealth of material and the skill of presentation.

Anticipating some notes of the Tuskegee work in our "Editorial Wanderings," we can in this issue but bespeak the interest of our readers in the approaching twenty-fifth anniversary of the Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, which takes place this week. The Institute will shine this week and its walks will be filled with the pilgrims who will gather there to give thanks, take counsel, and bid the great institution Godspeed! The grateful graduate will leave his country school and the millionaires of New York City and elsewhere will leave their banks and banking interests. May they both give thanks, each in his own way.

The *Berea Quarterly* for April lies before us with its usual exhibit of the strange and weird, the exciting, the inspiring life of the mountain men, that almost form a race unique. President Frost may almost be said to have discovered the Appalachian-American, sociologically speaking, and Berea College presents perhaps more physiological, sociological and pedagogical material for the truly academic student in these departments than any other college in America. The work of this college is always fascinating; the need of it is always unlimited and the material abundant. But this issue does not allay our anxiety for *Berea;* we do not like the hesitating note in its editorial entitled "Separate Provision for Colored Students." Is there here to be demonstrated the confusion of conscience, the subtle encroachment of expediency, the non-prophetic anxiety for the wherewiths and the tyranny of figures which have worked havoc in so many centers of American life in the last quarter of a century? Is *Berea* that proved so sublimely equal to privation, poverty and persecution, to prove unequal to the temptations of prosperity? Have the millions, present and prospective, dimmed the eye? Is it a question—what to do if the decision of the Court of Appeals should stay the iniquitous Day bill and make binding the law which makes it a criminal offense to offer to white and black equal privileges in the same school? It is not now a question of the advantages of separate institutions or even the wisdom of dividing the funds and maintaining two institutions to better accommodate the needs or the prejudices of the time; but rather the question—Can Berea College with its heroic traditions prove untrue to the brave foundations and lend itself to this reactionary wave in the State of Kentucky, the state of the Fees and of Abraham Lincoln? May heaven forbid! More essential than school privileges for a thousand mountain boys, more or less, and half as

many colored students, more important even to the students in question, is the maintenance of the fundamental principle before the law, not only of the human brotherhood, but the sacredness of human trusts and fealty to the dead. What would we do about it? To our mind there is but one thing to do about it—to be true to the traditions and accept the consequences. This unrighteous law cannot always stain the statute books of Kentucky, and the surest and quickest method of securing the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it. Let the college doors be shut and the college be conserved. Let debts be paid, professors' salaries go on when practicable, and, so far as they are willing to pursue the higher quest, let the campaign of education be entered upon and bide their time. If this law is maintained by the Supreme Court it will be for the legislature of Kentucky to decide when the college doors shall be opened; with them will be the responsibility. Meanwhile, if we mistake not, Berea College will be a more potent educating power and direct lifting agency in Kentucky and in the United States than in any of the previous years of its history. Let the millions be given back, if need be; let the doors be closed, and let it be written across the locked doors, "Closed by order of the Kentucky legislature," and once more the glory of the Lord will be revealed through the power of quickened consciences, clarified intellects.

Samuel J. Stewart

It was a touching and beautiful weaving of circumstances that enabled Reid Stuart, of Detroit, to stand beside the casket that contained the mortal remains of his old classmate, friend and companion, Samuel J. Stewart, and, with the unspeakable eloquence of tender affection and brotherly love, testify to the exceptional qualities of his mind, the persistent courage of his spirit.

They met forty years ago as sophomores in the United Presbyterian College, of Monmouth, both environed spiritually and physically by the hard and close grace of Calvinism. Both thought their way out into a broader fellowship. Reid Stuart's lines kept him in the West, enabled him to create and serve for some years the Independent Congregational church at Battle Creek, from which he passed to his present pastorate of the Unitarian church of Detroit. "Sam's" career, as he affectionately called him, led him eastward and he grew into the Unitarian ministry in Maine and elsewhere, and then came west to take up his classmate's work at Battle Creek, where he labored for eight years and left a profound impression, touchingly testified to by the closed doors of the Battle Creek churches last Sunday that Reid Stuart, who was to supply, might testify to their mutual love. The chorister of the Battle Creek church came to Chicago to sing his favorite song, "Crossing the Bar." The services were in charge of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Rev. Mr. Mack, a member of the family, read scripture. Two other Monmouth classmates besides Reid Stuart were there to express their sympathy and admiration for this man, who, in his childhood, was as one set apart by virtue of his clear intellect and sensitive nature.

The last three months of Mr. Stewart's life were clouded with disease and the end was not unexpected. His body was carried on the Monday following to the old home burying ground at Sandwich, Illinois, and his heart-brother, whose similarity of name, career, even of looks, strengthened the kinship, accompanied him that he might speak the final word by the open grave. Mr. Stewart was actively considering a new chance at a far point. The new chance came at the end of sixty years in ways unexpected and in the unknown territory.

Editorial Wanderings

"It is great to go on pilgrimage," says the peasant saint in George Eliot's beautiful poem of "Agatha." Pilgrimages enlarge the circle in space and extend the line in time. It enables us to understand that there are mountains beyond our mountain and that people live beyond the farthest mountain. It stretches back the time beyond that of our fathers' and their fathers' time. I welcome the annual March escape from Chicago climate and work, not only for the restoration of nerves and lungs, but for the wider contact, the realizing sense of growing kinship with those from whom convention would separate with barriers that seem so strong, lasting and impregnable.

My itinerary of upwards of 3,300 miles reached through seven of the southern states; enabled me to visit eleven different schools; to address twenty-six different audiences in nine different places, including New Orleans, Montgomery, Auburn and Tuskegee in Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia, Knoxville, Tennessee; Tryon and Marion in North Carolina. Three of the institutions of learning that I visited were colored; once I preached in a Methodist Episcopal church, South; three times to a Jewish congregation, and twice in an Unitarian pulpit. My studies reached from Tuskegee, the latest and highest educational triumph of any color found today in America,—which is probably the same thing as saying found in the world,—to the Washington-Lee University in Virginia, which claims to be the oldest chartered institution in America. My pilgrim feet led me to Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson and the unique and impressive University of Virginia, at the foot of the beautiful mount. This institution, externally speaking, has one of the most quaint and significantly beautiful campuses in the world, with its "lawns," "ranges," its classic "pavilions" and cloistered "dormitories" testifying to the wonderful originality, independence and far-reaching prophetic character of the great founder. Although his ashes have been resting for over eighty years on the beautiful mount, Thomas Jefferson is still a living presence, a pervasive force, a contagious personality, on the campus of the Uni-

versity of Virginia. Every brick testifies to his presence and every name confesses his magnificent domination.

The first great, intoxicating joy that came to me from this missionary scout among school masters, school mistresses and preachers of many faiths in the South, was the fact that it was a bloodless scout. It seemed but yesterday when those Georgia hills bristled with cannon and the valleys that now entrance the eye were grewsome with hidden foes. Last month I was introduced with compliments and greeted with cheers where erst the sentinel stood on his wary post lest I and my associates might come too near. Early in the spring of 1864 I started for Atlanta, less than two hundred miles away, and although the purpose was persisted in for three months and more, I never reached it. Somehow we were not wanted there then. This year I rolled in unchallenged in a Pullman palace car, and the best the proud young city, which calls itself the Chicago of the South, had to offer was mine. I who wore the Grand Army button, a disciple, and, so far as it was given me to be, a champion and an interpreter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman and Lloyd Garrison, was welcome in Atlanta, before which the gallant McPherson and countless others fell a little over forty years ago.

The next reflection that came to me was that this mighty change has not been brought about chiefly by the soldier, nor the politician, nor even the higher forces we call statesmanship or the ministry, but oftentimes in spite of these, through the humbler, less pretentious and more pervasive power of education. For, in the last analysis, all the problems of the South, as in Chicago and elsewhere—political, industrial, economic, religious—turn out to be educational problems. It is ever a question of the spelling book. Here as elsewhere, would you measure past advancement, present attainment and future prospects, go study the schools.

"Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and the Father of the University of Virginia" is the inscription on the modest shaft that marks the resting place of Thomas Jefferson on the high mountain, written by himself. Civil and religious liberty and democracy go hand in hand in history. The one is impossible without the other; where one is the other must be. This is the great demand of our day, not only in the South, but in the North,—in Russia, in India, in the Philippines, Japan, France, England,—the round world over.

The industrial advance of the South is phenomenal. Her cotton mills are running night and day and her cotton fields are yielding larger and ever larger crops as the tiller takes more and more counsel of science and the thrift connected therewith. As a result thereof, slowly her educational institutions are being multiplied, college dormitories are being filled; the roll of graduates is growing. But the cause of academic freedom, the spirit of democracy, based on the fundamental doctrine of universal brotherhood, such as was taught by Jefferson and exemplified by Lincoln, still tarries in the South as in the North. Three mighty dominations menace the South in these directions, viz., the intimidation of the politician, the timidity of the theologian and the social enthusiasm based on the prejudices and conceits of polite society,—Sectarian distrust, political indifference, and the narrow enthusiasm fostered too often by the women's clubs and "Daughters of the Confederacy," whose business is oftentimes archæological,—the fostering in the name of history the traditions of strife to the neglect of the serener inspirations that are forward-looking and downward-reaching.

If one is to look for the glow points in the educational South today, he must look for those institutions that have most successfully broken or are breaking down the barriers of sect and are independent of the domination of the politician and the partisan spirit connected therewith. All schools are good, but some schools are better than others.

In my itinerary this year the four educational points that most gladdened my heart were the Tulane University in New Orleans, the Washington-Lee University in Virginia, the Camp Hill Industrial School in Alabama, and the three mighty vindications of the black man's capabilities of culture and, what is better, his appetite for knowledge, his determination to know and to be, which I found at Straight University, New Orleans, the Tuskegee Institute and the Atlanta University.

Tulane University at New Orleans, through many evolutions and vicissitudes, has won academic freedom, not only in theory but largely in fact. Here the professors represent many and perchance no religious denominations; here the names of Henry George, Herbert Spencer, Channing, Theodore Parker, Lloyd Garrison and John Ruskin are heard without dread and their principles discussed, adopted or rejected, by professors and pupils without loss of position or respect. And this is saying a great thing for any institution of advanced learning,—a very great thing for an institution south of the Ohio river.

By still more striking evolutions and more tragic convolutions of fate, the venerable Washington-Lee University in its beautiful mountain home, where rest the ashes of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, has come to be an exponent of the New South. Under the lead of President Denney this institution is honoring Washington and justifying Robert E. Lee by laying hold of culture and the means of culture in an unsectarian and non-partisan spirit, enlisting Northern sympathy and exemplifying Southern breadth and hospitality.

Robert E. Lee's place in the military history of the world is secure; that he will stand as one of the great military captains of history there can now be no doubt; that he added to his ability sincerity, that he fought with an eye single to what he deemed duty, is also beyond doubt. But the honor roll of battlefields is, unfortunately, a long one; other captains of

war stand alongside of him, a few perhaps above him, many pressing along towards his high fame. But herein lies the unparalleled glory of Robert E. Lee,—when the career of the General was ended, when the sword was sheathed in defeat, then began his great career as a citizen. Accepting the arbitrament of the sword, sick of the unequal strife, he turned to and in six months after the surrender, on the back of "Traveller," his famous war-horse, he rode into Lexington, dismounted, and proceeded to marshal the forces that would go forth and wring victory out of defeat and write the name of Robert E. Lee higher on the scroll of fame perhaps than has been achieved by any mere field marshal in the world's history. Business opportunities many were laid at his feet. Life insurance companies away back there in '65 saw their game and offered him a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year just for his name; his duties would be nominal. Upon all these golden offers he turned his back and said:

"I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

What a mighty triumph was this! Here indeed is victory wrung from defeat! Here he took the dismantled, the sick, the discouraged, the tattered fragments of an old institution, in the midst of a community impoverished by the marchings and countermarchings of friend and foe, and for five years he labored with consummate skill in inspiring young and old, by his example more than by his precept, to "forget the things that were behind and to press forward to the things that are before." The old halls were again peopled with ambitious boys. The old curriculum was not only restored, but enlarged; new chairs were added, all in the line of the latest and the highest pedagogy. And when after five years of splendid devotion he came to an honored burial, his body was laid away on the campus. It is true that he was buried with the emblems of his military career about him. The sword, the stars and bars, the tattered veterans who followed him, coming from far and near, were in evidence, but so also were the stars and stripes to which he had sworn new fealty, and the boys from the campus, who had lost a father, and his associates on the faculty, who, in their tears, confessed that they had lost what seemed to them "the best college president this country has ever produced."

Early Virginia, anxious to show its appreciation of the great citizen who had led it and neighboring states to independency, voted to George Washington valuable landed interests. The first great President put the temptation behind him; he would not be beholden for personal favors; he accepted it only on condition that he be permitted to "appropriate it to some public purpose, such as the education of the children of the poor, particularly the children of such as have fallen in defense of their country." And so the donation was dedicated to the use of "Liberty Hall Academy" in Rockbridge County, and Liberty Hall became the "Washington Academy," which in due time became the College of Washington in Virginia.

In 1870, when they laid away the mortal part of the great Captain of the Confederacy on the campus which had so long borne the honorable name of the great first President, the trustees affixed the name of "Lee," not unworthily, not unwisely, for, having so nobly served a lost cause, he saved his cause by applying the accumulated integrity, the momentum of character, to a cause that can never be lost. The General of the Confederacy was "the man of the hour," but the President of the University was "the man of the ages."

Against his wishes, with halting judgment, he turned his back on the Union in the interest of what seemed to him the prior claim of his state. Thus, like so many others, he did the right thing in the wrong way. But when that cause was lost, the subconscious loyalty, the stratified honor, the historic Lee rose again into the service of the Union. And in the University with this inheritance, in the town of Lexington, named in commemoration of the place where the first blood was shed for democracy, we have, as might reasonably be expected, an institution of learning hospitable to the latest science, unguarded by sectarian regulations and independent of political patronage or political manipulation.

But more interesting and inspiring to me than these colleges with splendid traditions and heroic outlook was the humble venture at Camp Hill in Alabama. Situated in a county where there is not a single public school house within its borders, where life is primitive, illiterate, and privileges meager, I found at last what all these years I have been looking for—a real "Farm School," a school with the privileges of modern training or its equivalent; a school that carries its pupils up to and beyond the high school standards of the North, which also manages a four hundred-acre farm. The school boys go to the woods, fell the trees, run the sawmill that makes the lumber, and build with their own hands the houses they occupy. In 1904, the latest statistics at hand, some sixty boys erected Alabama Hall, a two-story building that furnishes quarters for twenty girls, at a cost of two thousand dollars; with accommodations for laundry, creamery, kitchen and dining-room, and twenty girls made the butter, did the cooking for themselves and the boys as a part of their study, under scientifically trained teachers. The boys produced fifty bushels of sweet potatoes, two hundred and fifty bushels of corn, seven bushels of peas, thirty-five gallons of syrup, one hundred bushels of oats, one hundred and fifteen dollars worth of fodder, hay, etc., and took care of the necessary complement of mules, cows, pigs and chickens, and they did all this in the line of their studies. Their

work parelleled with their algebra, their Latin, their history and their poetry. They did it to the advantage, I must infer, not the sacrifice of intellectual alertness or scholarly zest. At any rate, I found an appreciative audience of scholars and teachers, who demanded four lectures where one was promised; an audience that rejoiced in the messages of Whitman, of Emerson, of Goethe and of Susan B. Anthony, as it was given me to interpret them. All this was accomplished in the face of poverty, with the hesitating backing of a few friends in the North.

Eight years ago Lyman Ward, a young Universalist minister, who had already entered into the friendships, enthusiasms and ideals of such people as Susan B. Anthony, William C. Gannett, Herbert Welch and their kind, entered the mission fields of the South. He found there a skeleton church based on an outgrown radicalism concerning certain proper translations of the Greek words "Gehenna," "Ionios" and other "proof text" words concerning the doctrine of eternal punishment. But he saw that he must begin further back; that the school house must prepare the way for the free mind, and that education was the indispensable basis of progressive Christianity and rational religion. And so, like Booker T. Washington, he set himself to a new and a harder task—a harder task than Washington's because wanting in the spectacular, dramatic, poetic and national qualities which helped Washington make his great success, he dealt with the problem of the poor whites, which, in the vernacular, is the "poor white trash" of the South, the counterpart of the Georgia "Cracker." He laid off all sectarian labels and went to work, stood by his ideals and his tasks, challenging our admiration and courting our co-operation.

But more inspiring, perhaps, than any of these special organizations to me was my contact with the truly public schools,—for in the South as in the North, the hope of the future must lie in the public school; the corner stone of American civilization is in the district school. Horace Mann stands at the head of American educators still because he gave to America a public school *system* maintained by public tax; a *system* that is not a poor man's resort, but everybody's delight; a school that is not the something better than nothing, but something that is the best there is. And when Professor Claxton, who stood here in my place three weeks ago, is called the Horace Mann of the South, he receives the highest encomium that could be given to a teacher. Private, special and specialized schools, run by private capital and enterprise, good and necessary for some times, some places and some pupils, as experimental stages in the hands of skillful teachers, who have the spirit and dare try new methods, they are always valuable. But the public school is always good for all the people all the time.

Away up in the mountains of North Carolina, 1,400 feet above sea level, I found a little village cradled among the lonely forest depths, a two-story brick public school building, with a commodious and beautiful assembly hall, where gathered on a rainy, dark night a large portion of the adult population of the town to listen to "the man from Chicago" interpret as best he could "The Spirit of the Times and the Need of the Hour." At the head of that school was a mountain boy, reared away back beyond the reach of the railroad whistle,—a boy of the Abraham Lincoln type and descent, reaching after the best and newest things, aided in this quest by a devoted corps of teachers, among which was a "Gertrude House" girl from Chicago, one who had labored with us and for us years ago in the Helen Heath Kindergarten, and who carried to her southern home the traditions and inspirations of All Souls church. And, like the arrow shot in the air, I found the sermons of All Souls church working through this woman into the life of that little mountain town.

But further notes of my wanderings must, for want of space, be withheld for subsequent issues. I must close with the assurance that "Ye Editor" is back again at his desk, rejoicing in good health and a spirit that could not but be cheered,—not only by the much seen, felt and heard, reported herein and to be reported hereafter, but in the discovery of the good work that has been going on during his absence: the heart-cheering assurance that the Abraham Lincoln Centre, UNITY, and the Congress of Religion, and all interests connected therewith, were able to go quite alone, without the help or touch of "Ye Senior." No wheel was stopped, no stitch dropped, nothing had gone awry, but all moving and working, yielding a welcoming face that was radiant, and a greeting hand that was cordial and inspiring on every side and in every interest. More anon.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

March 31, 1906.

The Call of Spring

I harkened at dawn to the call of the Spring,
  The voice of a spirit,
And my soul leapt up like a wildwood thing,
  Like a hawk from its tirret.

She is calling me out to the open wold,
  To the scurrying hollow,
To the violets dim in the dead leaf gold,
  Where the white wings follow.

All the blue April pools are a-dance and alive
  With thrips and with midges—
Dumb shimmering mites that equally thrive
  As the merle on the ridges.

The merle sits a-tilt on the rotten-wood rail,
  Blithe heart for his booting,
Toling me out to the gipsy trail
  With his mocado fluting.

The merryman Wind I will have for my mate,
  On the moorland reeling,
And a journeying shadow when day is late,
  With a cloud for my shieling.

The stars overhead will lamp me to bed,
  A pilgrim unladen;
The wayfaring Tree my guild brother will be
  And the Lark my glee maiden.

—*Florence Wilkinson, in Appleton's Booklover's (April).*

THE PULPIT

"Lydia," Paul's Hostess

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, PREACHED TO ALL SOULS CHURCH, IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1906.

And Lydia besought us, saying: "If you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there;" and she constrained us.—Acts xvi:15.

One of the great high bridges of history is that over which Paul passed from Asia to Europe. One of the most significant and dramatic events in the story of human civilization was the first appearance of Paul, the missionary of a new faith, the seed-sower of Christianity in Philippi, which the author of the book of Acts says "was the first city of the district, a Roman colony."

In the light of scholarship the condensed narrative found in the sixteenth chapter of the book of Acts is rich, not only in history, but in poetry and prophecy. It suggests mighty movements of thought and leads to the profound discussion of the great questions of philosophy and theology that have disturbed the ages. Let us try to realize it.

The Man of Nazareth had been put to ignominious death a few years before, his rustic followers routed and apparently frightened away. But the ferment was too fundamental. In the exciting discussion and incidental disturbances a young scholar, a man of the schools, one who had been brought up at the feet of the learned Gamaliel, was impressed, persuaded, convicted, converted from a persecutor to an advocate, and he promptly became a missionary for the faith of the martyr whom he had never seen. This tireless itinerant had campaigned it throughout the towns of Asia Minor; he had skirted the coast of the Mediterranean; he had penetrated the mountain fastnesses, meeting the varied experiences of all true missionaries, finding unexpected welcome here and meeting unforeseen opposition there. He had been hospitably entertained by nobles; he had been beaten and scourged and cast into the deep by those in authority. At last, footsore and weary, he, with perhaps two companions, reached the classic port of Troy. Standing unconsciously on the dust that buried forgotten civilizations, he saw a figure beckoning him and heard a voice calling him from the farther shore. It was Macedonia calling, "Come over and help us," and he accepted the invitation. "And straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia, concluding that God had called us for to preach the gospel unto them. Setting sail therefore from Troy, we made a straight course to Samothrace, and the day following to Neapolis, and from thence to Philippi, which is a city of Macedonia, the first of the district, a Roman colony, and we were in this city tarrying certain days."

The very name of the city goes back to Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. Here three centuries and more ago the Conqueror of the world had established his gold-mining camps. Here in more recent times Augustus had won his victory over Brutus and Cassius, and the Roman colony had waxed strong.

These Jewish visitors were insignificant arrivals; their speech sounded barbaric, if not unintelligible. Their leader, at least in his own estimation, was insignificant in stature, unimposing in presence, and with a "thorn in the flesh." They arrived early in the week, stayed around "certain days" until the Sabbath came, and then sought the worshiping place of the monotheists, the Jewish place of prayer. But there was no synagogue in the town. Canon Farrar ventured the opinion that as Philippi was a military and agricultural rather than a commercial town, the Jews were too few in number to possess a synagogue. But beyond the city limits, by the riverside, as was their wont, they found the *Proseucha,* or prayer place, which Canon Farrar describes as "a circular shaped enclosure open to the air, often built on the sea-shore or by rivers for the facility of the frequent ablutions which Jewish worship requires."

There, in this place of quiet retirement, far from the display, the noise, the luxury, the gaiety of that prosperous Roman metropolis, the missionaries found a little band of women, only women. "And we sat down and spake unto the women which were come together. And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, one that worshiped God, heard us." Here is a tradeswoman, an Asiatic by birth, come from the famed city of dyers to sell to the wealthy Romans the sumptuous and costly products of the looms and dye houses of Thyatira. The implication of the text is that she was not a Jewess, but one of the rapidly increasing class of what we call the "Pagan world," who at that time were monotheist,—"one that worshiped God," as the phrase runs in the text, as opposed to the "gods" of the ancient régime. She naturally found more comfort and religious fellowship with these humble Jewish women by the riverside than she could find in the more pretentious rites and sacrifices of the uptown aristocrats who paid their devotions at the shrines of Jupiter, Diana and Venus.

Here to this humble little band of women, the travel-stained and battle-scarred missionaries opened their hearts, and their words found response in the heart of this seller of dyes and dyed stuffs. She gave heed unto the words that were spoken by Paul and sought at his hand the simple, suggestive, impressive rite to which John had given new significance in his cry for reform on the banks of the Jordan, "and she and her household were baptized." The human and physical surroundings demanded sincerity. This was no formal ceremony; this call to a new life, the dedication to spiritual worship, this attraction of a religion of simple service and loving sacrifice, called for performance, not profession. It was a religion of deed and not of creed that was preached that Sabbath morning by the riverside at Philippi. And forthwith "she besought us, saying, 'If you judge me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there,' and she constrained us."

She practiced what she pretended, and Paul, who was so jealous of his independence, who persistently refused contributions for his own personal support, who prided himself on his independence of gifts and giver, became the guest of Lydia.

This is enough for my sermon uses. The gospel of the Nazarene, the religion of the Beatitides and the Golden Rule, the protest against race and creed limitations, had crossed the Ægean Sea, passing over from Asia to Europe. The ripest fruit of the civilization of the East was beginning its conquest of the West. Asia, the mother of religions, had at last established a spiritual outpost on the border of Europe. Israel, that for a thousand years had been trying to establish monotheism, the worship of the one true God, the religion of the prophets, the religion of hope, a religion for the future, baffled, defeated, insulted and scattered in Asia, had, in the person of this heretical Jew, at last found an open ear in Europe, and that open ear belonged to a woman. When Lydia threw open the door of her humble house in the suburbs of Philippi to welcome the messengers of the higher life, she threw open the doors of a vast opportunity; unwittingly she, in the name of Europe, welcomed a

civilizing power, welcomed a renovating agency, entertained, not an angel, but indeed a messenger of the Most High, the power of whose message was to make and unmake kings, fell forests, drain marshes, open highways over and through mountains, convert vast wildernesses into fertile fields, and finally cross unknown oceans, find new continents, underlay the ocean with speaking wires, annihilate time and space, encircle the globe with a whisper, and send messages without guidance of wires through vast spaces of the fields of the air.

I am making no wild claims; I am dealing in no rhetoric; I speak of no miracle; I simply state the plain facts of the case when I say that the message of Paul, as it subsequently worked itself out through the brains of philosophers, through the hands of pioneers, through the hearts of the lovers of men and through the blood of its martyrs, did become the civilized and civilizing power that transferred the seat of thought, the home of piety, the aggressive power of morals, the center of prophecy, from the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Jordan to the valleys of the Tiber, the Danube, the Rhone, the Rhine, the Thames, the Hudson, the Mississippi and the Columbia, and let it never be forgotten that this door was thrown wide open by the hand of Lyria, a woman, who in her own person and sex, typified perhaps the mightiest transformation of all. For, however noble may have been the place here and there for an exceptional woman of the Orient,—Egypt may have had benignant queens, Israel her exceptional Huldahs and her Hannahs,—Lydia was the first of modern women. She is the type, perhaps the pioneer of wage-earning, self-reliant, independent business women. She had come to this mart of trade to represent the woolen factories of her native town, to sell the goods of a foreign house. She was a housekeeper on her own hook; there is no hint as to the nature of her household. If there was a husband she did not ask his leave. She did not say, Come to "our" house, but to "my" house. Lydia is a fitting type of the truly strong-minded woman who does her own thinking; who dares break from the old and espouse the new; a woman with an open mind. And on account of the warm heart and the open mind, Lydia is the patron saint of hospitality; not selfish, sentimental or conventional hospitality,—that which is content with serving dinners to the rich and mending torn coats and renovating soiled linen for the poor—though that I venture to say she could and did do this—but one who entertained the thoughtful with thoughtfulness; who was hospitable to ideas and cordial to thought; hospitable to reform and reformers.

I have said Lydia is a type of the modern woman. I can best interpret that type and preach the sermon of Lydia by the help of a modern instance.

I am thinking of another Lydia, an American Lydia, a Lydia as hospitable to new thought as was the seller of woolen goods in Philippi; a Lydia who entertained Pauline messengers on nearly all the advanced lines dear to us today. I mean our own Lydia Maria Child, of whom Wendell Phillips said, "She could have been born and bred nowhere but in New England." She was born in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1802, giving us another February anniversary, the 11th, the day before our Abraham Lincoln's birthday. Her father was a baker, a maker of Medford crackers, the forerunners of the Uneeda biscuit in popularity. He was a man of conviction, generous, hospitable, and a hater of slavery. A son by the same name became a professor of Harvard College, famous for his university lore. Lydia was from the start a child of genius. At fifteen she read Milton and was "elevated above this visible and diurnal sphere by it." The same year she wrote her learned brother, "I usually spend an hour after I retire for the night reading Gibbon's 'Roman Empire.'" This was while she lived on the edge of civilization, away up in Maine, where she had been carried at twelve and where she remained until she was eighteen, when she wrote to her brother the good news that she was to take a school where by industry and prudence she hoped to win independence. When twenty-two she wrote her first novel, "Hobomuk," a tale of early times, which brought her prompt fame and a complimentary ticket from the Boston Athenaeum. The next year came "The Rebels," a tale of the Revolution, and patriotic speeches from this book were transferred into school readers and declaimed by Thomas Higginson and other boys in school. This brought her nearer Boston, and she started a private school at Watertown, which flourished until she was married to David Lee Child when twenty-six years of age. In 1826 she started the *Juvenile Miscellany*, a child's paper that flourished several years. In 1829 she published "The Frugal Housewife," a book of domestic economies, which passed through twenty editions in seven years, through thirty-five editions in all. The next year appeared the "Mothers' Book," which passed through eight American, twelve English, and one German edition. In 1832, anticipating all the illustrious line which includes Margaret Fuller, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Howe and the rest of them, she wrote her book on "The Conditions of Women in All Nations."

At this time prosperity and popularity attended her in everything she undertook. In 1833 she published "An Appeal in Behalf of the Class of Americans We Call Africans," here again anticipating by twenty years Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and promptly receiving the reward that awaited such courage in those days. Friends dropped her acquaintance; the cultured of Boston closed their doors against her; the *Juvenile Miscellany* had to be discontinued for want of subscribers. An attorney General of Massachusetts took a pair of tongs to throw the obnoxious books out of doors; the Athenaeum canceled her library ticket. Said Wendell Phillips at her funeral fifty-seven years later:

> "Hardly ever was there a costlier sacrifice. Narrow means just changing into ease; after a weary struggle, fame and social position in her grasp; every door opening before her; the sweetness of having her genius recognized. * * * One blow, and the spreading tree is dead. At the call of duty the young woman struck it without repining, and saw the whole scene change at once. Obloquy and hard work, ill-paid; almost every door shut against her, the name she had made a talisman turned to reproach, and life henceforth a sacrifice. How serenely she took up that cross, how bravely she bore it almost till life's close!"

But this unpopular popularity helped bring Dr. Channing into the crusade; led Dr. Palfrey, again of Harvard College fame, who had inherited a plantation in Louisiana, to emancipate his slaves, and changed the life course of Col. Thomas W. Higginson, who says of her book, "I have thought it the ablest"; and Whittier said of it, "It is no exaggeration to say that no man or woman of that period rendered more substantial service to the cause of freedom or made such a great renunciation in doing it."

The currents of her life ran deep but they ran broad also. In 1835 she wrote "Philothea," a novel of ancient Greece. In 1841 she was called to New York by that benign Quaker, Isaac T. Hopper,—capitalist, reformer and saint,—as editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, leaving her husband, who was also her com-

rade and playmate, to wrestle with the prophetic but costly beet-sugar industry. In this editorial charge she remained eight years, being joined the last six by her cultivated husband. During these years she wrote a series of letters to the *Boston Courier*. These were subsequently gathered into two volumes, which had an immense sale and are now coveted treasures in the book lovers' libraries.

In 1847 she wrote a series of three books on famous women. In 1852 she went to Wayland, Massachusetts, with her husband, to live in a humble little cottage of their own, where for twenty-two years she remained, doing her own housework, making her own clothes, delighting in flowers of her own raising,—her home becoming at last a shrine of the cultivated, an hospitable shelter to the persecuted, a rendezvous of the heroic and the noble. In her enthusiasm for man she never lost her delight in nature. Says Colonel Higginson: "She always seemed to be talking radicalism in a greenhouse." Her house was so small that she had to keep her choice little collection of vases, engravings, and other pretty things in a chest. But when the birds, insects and flowers and her little patch of garden were closed for the winter, she would take out these things of beauty, as she said, as the child does its playthings,—sit down in the sunshine with them and dream over them.

In this high solitude, in 1855, she staggered the scholars and would have staggered the religious world had it not been too ignorant to note the significance of the event, by the publication of her great three-volume work on "The Progress of Religious Ideas in Successive Ages,"—a Herculean task at that time for a scholar to accomplish at a university center; almost an inconceivable task for a little woman in a way-off country village, doing her own work while she fought the battles of reform. It was the first brilliant contribution to what has since grown into a literature of comparative religions.

Here she anticipated the great workers in this field, —James Freeman Clarke, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Max Müller, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and many others. The Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893 was the logical and noble fruitage of this book. To the few who may care to know, I owe the confession that whatever guidance and inspiration have led me in my work for independency and cosmopolitan religion as expressed in All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Centre, and the Congress of Religion, are directly traceable to the inspirations which first came to me as a student from this masterly work which, with tear-dimmed eyes and quivering nerves, I studied in my seminary days ten years after its appearance. These books still hold a revered place on my shelves.

In 1859 she wrote to Governor Wise for permission to go and nurse John Brown, bleeding in prison, and received a letter dignified, noble and generous, from that truly noble man. But the letter, finding publicity, called forth a saucy and vehement letter from Mrs. Senator Mason of Virginia, a letter lurid with the light radiated by the "fire-eaters," as they were known in the slang of the times, in which she concludes that "No Southerner ought to touch a magazine that bears her name in its contributors' list or read a line of her composition." The letter is printed in a little over two pages of the volume at hand. The answer covers fourteen pages, as calm as the others were excited. She goes into the merits of the case with Bible text, historical incident and human sympathies. This letter was printed and three thousand copies were distributed.

In 1864 she published her "Looking Towards Sunset," in the preface of which she says:

"When I was myself near the fairy-land of childhood I used my pen for the pleasure of children; and now that I am traveling down the hill I was then ascending I would fain give some words of consolation and cheer to my companions on the way. If the rays of my morning have helped to germinate seeds that ripened into flowers and fruit, I am grateful to him, from whom all light and warmth proceeds. And now I reverently ask his blessing on this attempt to imitate, in my humble way, the setting rays of that great luminary, which throws cheerful gleams into so many lonely old homes, which kindles golden fires on trees whose foliage is falling, and lights up the silvered heads on which it rests with a glory that reminds one of immortal crowns."

The same year, the hard, black year of the war, she published her "Freedman's Book," for the encouragement and direction of him who was erstwhile called a "chattel," and then a "contraband." In 1867 appeared "A Romance of the Republic," another novel. In 1871 a book of "Good Wives"; in 1878 her last and in many ways her most beautiful book, "Aspirations of the World," an anthology of faith and trust as interpreted by the hoping and the working saints of all ages. In 1880, in the 78th year of her life and the sixth year of her widowhood, this remarkable woman fell asleep; this woman of whom Whittier said: "Half a century ago she was the most popular literary woman in the United States." The *North American Review* said, "She well deserves her success. In all her works nothing can be found which does not commend itself by its tone of healthy morality and good sense." And says S. C. Beach in his "Daughters of the Puritans," "She edited the first American magazine for children, wrote the first novel of Puritan times, published the first American anti-slavery book, and compiled the first treatise of comparative religions when that science was not named." Says Colonel Higginson, "Her books, of which there are some thirty titles, belong to as many different departments as there are volumes, and still she wrote better than most of her contemporaries." While Lowell rises into what has been called the highest poetical strains in his "Fable for Critics," when he praises this "Philothea":

"There comes Philothea, her face all aglow,
She has just been dividing some poor creature's woe,
And can't tell which pleases her most, to relieve
His want, or his story to hear and believe;
No doubt against many deep griefs she prevails,
For her ear is the refuge of destitute tales;
She knows well that silence is sorrow's best food,
And that talking draws off from the heart its black blood.

The pole, science tells us, the magnet controls,
But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles,
And folks with a mission that nobody knows
Throng thickly about her as bees round a rose;
She can fill up the carets in such, make their scope
Converge to some focus of rational hope,
And, with sympathies fresh as the morning, their gall
Can transmute into honey—but this is not all;
Not only for those she has solace; O, say,
Vice's desperate nursling adrift in Broadway,
Who clingest, with all that is left of thee human,
To the last slender spar from the wreck of the woman,
Hast thou not found one shore where those tired drooping feet
Could reach firm mother-earth, one full heart on whose beat
The soothed head in silence reposing could hear
The chimes of far childhood throb back on the ear?
Ah, there's many a beam from the fountain of day
That, to reach it unclouded, must pass, on its way,
Through the soul of a woman, and hers is wide ope
To the influence of Heaven as the blue eyes of Hope;
Yes, a great heart is hers, one that dares to go in
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
Of the never completely out-trampled divine;
If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs again,

As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain;
What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour,
Could they be as a child but for one little hour!"

This modern Lydia may well stand as a notable and worthy successor to Paul's hostess,—one who was hospitable to ideas, who was economic and prudent towards herself that she might be generous and free towards others. She says: "The consciousness of advancing even one single hour the inevitable progress of truth and justice I would not exchange for all Rothschild's wealth or Sir Walter's fame." Says Wendell Phillips of her:

"Waste, to her, was almost crime. She practiced the most rigid economy even in minutest particular, but this hard and painstaking care with the one hand was only that the other one might be filled with liberal gifts."

She deplored the tendency to accumulate which saps independence and shuts up the over-careful hand. Once Wendell Phillips protested against her subscription of one hundred dollars to the cause of freedom. She took back the check and promised to think it over. Next day she sent him a check for two hundred, having thought about it, as she promised. And yet, says Phillips, "this princely giver kept until death the cheap, plain fashion of dress which early narrow means had enforced; used an envelope twice; never wrote on a whole sheet when a half one would suffice."

Another time, while living in the cottage and doing her own work, she wrote, "I have four hundred dollars coming to me from a publisher for my book on 'Looking Toward Sunset.' Please get it and give it to the freedmen."

With all this terrible earnestness, our Lydia was ever rippling over with laughter; her humor was contagious. She quoted Aristophanes, who hated "the peacock trains with their six-foot words and swell ostentation." Says Whittier, "She kept her fine sense of humor, good taste and sensibility to the last."

Peace, temperance, prison reform, equality of civic rights, irrespective of sex,—all these engaged her attention while she was writing her letters to New York, full of humor and light-heartedness. Spite of her effort to be sober, the fun would come,—like the boy's whistling, it "did itself." In one of these letters she wrote:

"I believe in my soul that the fairies keep carnival all the year round in my poor brain. Real pictures, like everything else, cannot be bought with cash; old Mammon buys nothing but shadows. My gallery beats that of the Duke of Devonshire; it is filled with originals by the old masters, and the best of it is, the sheriff cannot seize them; they lie beyond the reach of trover or replevin." When Whittier asked how she kept the bores away from her house, which so encroached upon his time, she said that she kept a bulldog and a pitchfork and lived a good ways from a railroad. Her sense of humor was ever on the alert.

In another of these letters she describes a visit to Julia Pell's meeting, a woman preacher of color who gave up trying to learn to read because "it dragged her mind down." She got as far as "b-a-k-e-r" very well, but at the evening meeting instead of saying, "Behold, the day is come!" she said "b-a-k-e-r," and so she dropped her pursuit of culture.

In her "Aspirations of the World" she says that "sentiments unite men; opinions separate them;" that "the reward is in keeping the Commandments, not for keeping them." She foresaw the eclectic church of the future, that "like Milan's cathedral, lifting its thousand snow-white images of the saints into the clear blue of heaven would gather themes of holy aspiration from all ages and nations and set them on high in their immortal beauty, with the bright sunlight of heaven to glorify them all."

Did I not say right,—that she a is worthy successor to Lydia, the hostess of Paul? And is she not a worthy model? Is she not a prophetess of the church of All Souls? A worthy example to the women of Chicago? To the women who here and now would fain advance the interests of truth and righteousness? Nay, more, have we not here Lydias, worthy successors to the dyer of Thyatira and the little Wayland woman in calico, of whose hospitality Charles Sumner and his compeers partook?

I know not how the Macedonian woman looked; I have seen only a picture of the benignant face of Lydia of Massachusetts but I have known in flesh and blood, have rejoiced in and partaken of the hospitable co-operation of from eight to eight hundred Lydias in and around All Souls Church.

Up stairs on the fourth floor is the hospitality room of the Lincoln Centre,—the peculiar woman domain. It borders on Emerson Hall; it is where congeniality and the refreshments of mind and body are to be distributed by generous hands and gentle minded and cheerful hearts. That room is still unnamed. May I venture humbly to suggest to the sisters that they call that room "The Lydia," suggesting the hostess of Paul, the author of "The Progress of Religious Ideas," and as many more Lydias and Lydia-like economies, hospitalities and activities as the generations to come may develop at the center of soul hospitalities?

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Algeciras Conference.

The representatives of the powers at Algeciras have come to an agreement. It has not been easy to work up any great amount of interest in the matter on this side of the water, but the agreement is undoubtedly of great consequence for the peace of Europe. It has been asserted, by those who claim to have inside information, that American diplomacy has been very influential in bringing about this happy result, and that this is an even greater victory for American powers of conciliation than the peace between Russia and Japan. Let us hope so. At any rate, peace continues in Europe, and there is prospect for better government in Morocco, for all of which we rejoice.

Rebuked by the President.

President Roosevelt has again found it wise to rebuke a man publicly for misquoting him. The matter seems to have been one of comparatively little importance, and the public sometimes wonders whether the president does not lose as much as he gains by such statements. But there can be no question that if the facts are as the president stated them, and there seems to be no dispute on this point, the man rebuked was guilty of grave discourtesy and breach of confidence, and to some extent, even of misrepresentation. The latter may have been unintentional. If the president succeeds in establishing a higher standard of honor in such matters, he may well disregard any question of momentary loss of dignity.

The Coal Strike.

As these words are written, the coal strike is understood to be on. Possibly before they are read it may be off again. For outsiders the tension has been considerably relieved by the announcement that the miners have voted to permit local unions to go to work wherever individual operators are willing to grant the increase of wages demanded and that a number of operators have agreed to the demand. The dangers of a coal famine are thus considerably diminished. This and the increased price of coal seem to be the only things for which the general public really cares. Peo-

ple are beginning to feel that it is monstrous that their interests should be sacrificed while master and man carry on private war. It has been suggested in some quarters that, in case of an actual coal famine, President Roosevelt might seize the mines by military authority and operate them for the benefit of the public, turning over any profits to the mine owners. Just where the authority for such a step would come from under the constitution is not evident, but, as this is a living nation, and not a dead body, it may be assumed that whatever is necessary for the life of the nation will find legal justification somehow.

Prosecuting Insurance Officials. The latest excitement in the insurance scandals has been the criminal prosecution of George W. Perkins, the partner of Pierpont Morgan, and former vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, for grand larceny in having paid $48,000 of the company's money to the Republican campaign fund. There is probably no doubt in any one's mind that this was a highly improper use of such funds; but it will be hard to make the man on the street see that the payment of the company's money for what was believed to be for the company's advantage, and without direct benefit to the man who paid it, is properly called theft, whatever the law may be. A conviction on this charge will be more likely to excite sympathy than condemnation for Mr. Perkins.

Trolleys and Telephones. Chicago is enjoying an unusual sense of mastery over its public service corporations. Street car lines and the telephone company are now very largely at its mercy, and are unusually humble in consequence. If the authorities keep their heads they ought to be able to accomplish much. In the face of a rival offer for cheaper service, even the telephone company has made an offer of lower prices for its service, and the end is not yet. The most sensible suggestion yet made as to the street car question is that the city should make an experiment in municipal ownership with a short and comparatively unimportant line before undertaking so gigantic a piece of work as the management of the whole city system.

Unfit Consuls. Charges of drunkenness, fraud and other grave misdemeanors, brought by the Assistant Secretary of State against a number of our consuls after a tour of inspection, were made public by the president in a special message to congress on March 28. The men accused include ex-Consul General Goodnow, of Shanghai, and Consul Williams, of Singapore, who came into some notoriety in connection with Aguinaldo during the Spanish war. A number of others in positions of prominence and importance in the Far East also come in for severe arraignment. It is humiliating to those who care for the good name of the country that it should be so misrepresented. A bill is before congress to reform the consular service, but the senate balks at its most important provision, because of the limitation that it puts on their patronage. What a thing it would be for the country if it had a senate that commanded its respect!

Patent Medicine Advertisements. A significant item from Idaho tells of a boy, 17 years old, who hanged himself as a result of reading patent medicine advertisements until he believed himself the victim of a score of diseases. Some day we shall learn how to get rid of these pests. T. D. B.

Attorney Jerome Criticised. The interesting feature of the question regarding the prosecution of the insurance officials in New York the past week has been the statement of Attorney Jerome that these officials were not guilty of a legal crime in making contributions to campaign funds. Judge O'Sullivan is reported to claim that the mere taking of the money constitutes a crime, but yet, when Mr. Jerome asked him to sit as a magistrate and issue warrants for George W. Perkins, who gave $48,000 of New Lork Life money for campaign purposes, and Cornelius N. Bliss, who received it, the judge declined to do so. It is not denied that large sums of money have been contributed by all three of the great insurance companies and that both in the election of President McKinley and President Roosevelt the Republican party received and used these monies. The attitude of Mr. Jerome in the matter has earned him more general criticism than any recent act of his career.

He had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly, and force of character to do it; which of us dare ask for a higher summary of his life than that?—*T. H. Huxley.*

THE STUDY TABLE

*The Hand

This little book is a collection rather than a "survey," for there is no attempt to really study the facts collected. The writer has gathered from a rather wide reading almost every conceivable allusion to the human hand, and roughly grouped the results under various heads. A good deal of the material seems irrelevant, but here and there are curious and interesting things, as the following paragraph:

"The practice of shaking hands . . . is believed to have originated in the habit of adversaries grasping the weapon hand during a truce as a precaution against treachery."

**Immortality

This slender booklet, which comprises the Ingersoll Lecture for 1906, is a discussion of the problem of immortality from the point of view of physics. To one interested in the spiritual or ethical problem it has little to offer. A certain kind of eternity, according to Dr. Ostwald, can be predicated of energy and mass, although the extraordinary phenomena connected with the transformation of radium into helium have threatened even such fundamental postulates of science as the conservation of energy. There is also a very real sense in which, from the lowest forms of life to the highest, "The life of the offspring is nothing more or less than the continuation of the life of the parents." Abraham, thus setting his heart upon living forever in his "seed," was aspiring for an immortality which modern physical science distinctly recognizes. When the lecturer ventures into metaphysics, he is clearly outside his sphere of effectiveness, and his use of the dilemma is about as convincing as some of the arguments of the mediæval schoolmen. The effect of the lecture, so far as it has any, is against the idea of a personal future life. Its chief interest is in the fact that the writer adds himself to the already long list of modern men who regard the prospect of personal extinction with entire equanimity. Alluding to his personal feeling on the subject, he says, "Looking into my own mind with all the frankness and scientific objectiveness which I can apply to this most personal question, I find no horror connected with the idea of my own death. After I have lived out the span of my life, the bodily ending will seem a perfectly natural thing, and it will be more a feeling of relief than one of sorrow that will come in watching the end."

***What Is Religion

is the title under which Dr. Henry S. Pritchett presents to the public some of his talks to students in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Replying to a father who sent his son to a scientific school because neither his religion nor his politics would be affected, Dr. Pritchett well says: "A school whose intellectual current is so feeble that it does not set an intelligent man to thinking about his relations to God and to his country is no place to stimulate a man to right thinking in chemistry or in physics or in mathematics." His conception of religion is admirably given in the fol-

*"The Hand: A Survey of Facts, Legends and Beliefs Pertaining to Manual Ceremonies, Covenants and Symbols," by Lewis Dayton Burdick. (Oxford, N. Y.: The Irving Co.)

**"Individuality and Immortality," by Wilhelm Ostwald, Professor of Physical Chemistry in the University of Leipzig. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

***"What Is Religion," by Dr. Henry S. Pritchett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

lowing words: "To receive the divine energy into one's soul and to transform it effectively into those spiritual forms which make for justice, mercy, joy, unselfishness, serenity of mind and of life, this is true religion." In the talk on Prayer there is a distinct recognition of different planes of human consciousness, comparable to those of the spectrum, the highest being that spiritual consciousness into which we rise only by a supreme effort of the soul, and which may be likened to the ultra-violet part of the color spectrum. "Whether that which we call prayer be a direct communication with God as our Heavenly Father, or whether it be a communion with our higher consciousness which is in touch with him, in either case the time can never come when a human soul will not rise from such communion purified and strengthened." While recognizing the great progress in freedom and intelligence that is being made in the church today, Dr. Pritchett's feeling about the future of the institution is one of uncertainty. He recognizes that "there is perhaps no other form of human development which lends itself less easily to the purposes and the machinery of an organization than that divine life in the individual soul which we call religion. . . . It may be quickened or refreshed, or repressed, by contact with other individuals, but it does not lend itself to organization; it cannot be promoted by administration. It does not seem impossible," he adds, "that religion among men may some day be so developed that the church as a formal organization may be transformed; it may come to occupy towards theology some such attitude as the Chemical Society occupies towards chemistry; or some other agency may take its place."

WILLARD BROWNE THORP.

South Congregational Church, Chicago.

*The Life of Bishop Westcott

There are few men more needed in our day than those who combine real scholarship and the deepest spiritual insight with an actual fellowship in the common problems of humanity. One can afford to pass lightly over the mass of the passive products of the press, but when the biography of such a man appears, offering its fellowship with, and insight into, such a life, we do well to live in some unusual degree of intimacy with our new acquisition.

Brook Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham, was known to most Americans primarily as a scholar. His achievements in connection with the Westcott and Hort text were enough to give him high place in the world of learning. To some others he was known by his command of the most beautiful and translucent English. There are few others who are worthier masters of English style. But those who knew him best knew him as a man of the people, a great Christian whose heart had been profoundly touched by the needs of men. They knew him, with all his scholarship, as one of the forerunners of the social movement the impulse of which is now so widespread. Twenty years ago, in his Westminster sermons, afterwards published under the title of "Social Aspects of Christianity," he sounded one of the first notes of the more recent conception of the Brotherhood of Christianity. In a single sentence, descriptive of St. Francis, he did in reality describe himself. Of Francis he said: "He brought Christ out of the student's cell into the wild and sordid conflicts of life. He was, if I may so speak, a living Imitatio Christi."

There is hardly a problem of the thoughtful man of religion of our day to which Westcott was a stranger. For the sake of the deeper faith he bore well the suspicions that fall to the men of the spiritual birthright. He faced the questions of authority and mysticism. He went intimately into acquaintance with the historic facts. And yet withal he was a man of affairs. Problems of the University, the Church and Society set alert all the capacities of his nature. His last celebration of religious offices was set to the drum beat of a miners' band. And over all was the winning grace of a splendid Christliness.

The present volume is an abbreviation of the original biography in the interests of American readers. The work is done with a son's sympathy and yet with skill. It is not to be expected of course that we of a later generation shall agree with all the conclusions of this man who was bred in an established church and who fell asleep at the age of seventy-six, but, all deductions made, it was such a life and is such a book as is worthy of affectionate companionship.

We do not ordinarily look to the daily paper for the stimulating essay. But evidently Calvin Dill Wilson does not write the ordinary newspaper essay, for his little volume which McClurg sends us—"Making the Most of Ourselves"—though it is a compilation from the daily or weekly press, succeeds in striking resonantly some of the deeper notes of the greater endeavors. Indeed from such a pulpit these messages come with unique force. This little book really belongs to the power literature, for it quite escapes the ordinary superficiality of books of this class. We would like to have the thoughtful high school boy read it and then read it again and then see that his father reads it.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL.

Beloit College.

*Brook Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham, by his son Arthur Westcott, $2.75. (Macmillan.)

Notes

"On the Field of Glory" is the latest of the historical series of novels, by Henry Sienkiewicz; and published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. The author is becoming so well known for his splendid work in "Quo Vadis," "Pan Michael," "The Knights of the Cross" and "The Deluge," that he hardly needs more than simply an announcement. This new novel is a passionate love story, of the Polish sort, as full of vigor as it is of tenderness; but it is of course more than this, it is a historical novel, intended to illuminate Polish history in the time of King John Sobieski. I believe that most readers will be fully as well pleased with this work as they were with "Quo Vadis." There is no national character in Europe more remarkable than that which has been developed by the eastern branch of the Slavs—called the Poles. Sooner or later Poland is sure to be reconstructed, simply because Polish character has never been conquered, or weakened. The author has recently received the $40,000 Nobel literary prize.

"The Bitter Cry of the Children," by John Spargo, is sent to us by the Macmillan Company. Here is a book that ought to be read by every adult American. It would probably make socialists of some, but into the heads of most people it would infuse a new meaning of life. When we read that not less than two millions of our school children go to school badly underfed—and many of them so badly fed that they faint at their tasks, we read, between lines, that we are spending our national energy in wrong directions. Here are clearly one-sixth of all the school children of the United States being dwarfed physically and intellectually; and what are you going to do about it? Shall our enthusiasm be wasted on Philippine prob-

lems and Panama problems, or on the Great American Problem? As for this school business I am not so sure that we have more than begun to solve it. When we take children away from home and from giving their quota of home help, we have got to make sure that we can do better by the child under our school system. I have not entire sympathy with some of the crusades against the employment of children, but if you will read this book, you will make up your mind that the two things needed in America are, a social reorganization to see that no children are starved or overworked, and that no old people are left in their decrepitude without proper aid and care.

From Funk & Wagnalls I have "The Boy's Life of Christ"—not half as interesting as the Gospel narrative, nor likely to be of any value whatever. Nothing yet was ever gained by rehashing Bible stories and diluting them with the oatmeal porridge of some modern "doctor" of divinity.

Rational Living, Some Practical Inferences From Modern Psychology. By Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin College. The Macmillan Company. $1.25. E. P. POWELL.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

In Behalf of Christian Unity

One of the most interesting of the many movements towards Christian unity of which we have heard is the one being carried on in the South Congregational church, of Concord, New Hampshire. Rev. Dr. Edwin W. Bishop, the minister of this church, has invited the pastors of all the Protestant congregations of the city to join in a series of meetings to be held in the Congregational church Sunday afternoons. Dr. Bishop made three conditions to which the several speakers were to conform: (1) The address must not exceed thirty minutes in delivery, (2) no debate of another's position, (3) no appeal. Further than this Dr. Bishop said: "I want all to feel entirely free to affirm as mightily as they can the things for which they stand." These meetings have been going on for some weeks. The attendance has been very large, the interest great, and the spirit of Christian fellowship admirable. We find in the last *Universalist Leader* the address delivered by Dr. F. A. Bisbee in the above church March 18. The theme was, "Why I am a Universalist," and we believe the whole address would be of interest to our readers. We have only space for the portion which follows. We venture to believe there are many leaders in the orthodox churches who are no more loyal to Christ, no more insistent upon a Christo-centric religion, no more earnest in their Christian faith or faithful in their loyalty to the gospel than this leader of the Universalist church, whose ideals are revealed in our brief quotations:

WHY I AM A UNIVERSALIST.

The Christian courtesy of this occasion deserves and receives my hearty appreciation and gratitude. I recognize it as an expression of the growing spirit of unity among the Christian forces which more and more obtains and which holds promise of that time when the Church of Christ shall present a solid front against the sin which blocks the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. I understand that this symposium, in which representatives of different churches are to present their distinctive reasons for being, has as its object the finding of points of agreement rather than of difference. And its outcome is radiant with hope.

* * *

I am come to you not with the desire or intention of making you Universalists, but just to show you as best I may that the church it is my honor to represent, is trying to do, in its own way, exactly the same work as every other Christian Church in saving men from sin and into righteousness, and it appears to me that with our common purpose, our different methods are to our credit rather than to our blame, in that they enable us to reach some which other churches do not, and thus increase the aggregate of the great army of the Lord.

I count myself fortunate to have the privilege of speaking for the Universalist Church, and respond with eagerness, not to show that the church which I represent has a monopoly of truth, but simply to show that of right it has a place among the followers of the Master, though it be counted least of the disciples. Even farther, I can now paraphrase Dr. Lyman Abbott, who addressed a great gathering of Universalists as "Fellow Congregationalists," and address you as "Fellow Evangelicals," for the Brooklyn Evangelical Sunday School Union has recently admitted to full membership the Universalists, on the ground that they are evangelical.

* * *

1. Universalism believes in the Universal Fatherhood of God. And so does the Christian Church very generally. There are some who leave off the "universal," and occasionally one who questions the "fatherhood." But in general this principle, which is a reason for my Universalism, is a common reason for drawing all Christians to their several altars of worship.

* * *

2. Universalism believes in the spiritual authority and leadership of his Son Jesus Christ. And again I can say, so do all Christians. There are innumerable differences in beliefs about Christ, but every Christian believes in Christ. Universalism is Christocentric—Christ is central in its faith. It is not dogmatic regarding the mysteries of his nature, but accepts his authority and leadership with unquestioned love and obedience; sees in him the divine Son of God and Saviour of the world; holding that "the test of a man's belief in Christ is not the correctness of his theory about him, but the loyalty of one's allegiance to him."

* * *

He is our Saviour and we are saved by faith in him, not in payment for the faith, but having faith in nim he leads us to a life like his own, Christ-like, which is salvation. For this salvation he was lifted upon the cross and will draw all men unto him; and his power to endure the cross came from the consciousness that his sacrifice was not in vain; that he should "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied." Universalism believes in the personal Christ as the one supreme and adequate element in the world's salvation. Freed from the complexities of theology he stands our regal Master, our divine teacher, the exemplar of human possibilities, who came into the world to live and suffer and die, to bear the name of Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins.

And I am a Universalist because I believe Christ will succeed.

3. Universalism believes in the trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God. All Christians believe in the Bible; their difference arises from different interpretations of the same word. * * * So Universalism believes that the Bible contains a revelation of the character of God, the duty, interest and final destiny of man, and makes it the rule and guide to its faith and the inspiration to its life. I am a Universalist because I believe in the Bible.

4. Universalism believes in the certainty of just retribution for sin. It has seemed strange to me the persistence with which the notion prevails that Universalists do not believe in punishment for sin. Because we denied the endlessness of punishment it has been assumed that we deny all punishment. I am glad of this opportunity to say that Universalism affirms its belief in the certainty of punishment for all sin: "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." Differing from other systems in proclaiming its certainty, and in the definition of its nature and duration, it holds that the law of God cannot be violated and the violator escape the consequences.

I am a Universalist because I believe in the certainty of just and adequate punishment for sin; that, for every sin you commit you must answer to your God. And he will not let you go until you see the futility and foolishness of your sin and return in repentance to him.

5. Universalism believes in the final harmony of all souls with God. This is the conclusion of the whole matter as I have already indicated in my opening remarks. There remains to say but this: We are all facing eternity. We must go into the next life exactly as we leave this. If we have used our opportunities here, we enter there rejoicing in the reward of our spiritual possessions; if we have wasted our opportunities here, we enter there with shame and sorrow and suffering for our lack which we can no longer hide. * * * As his

love is here in this world, with tireless energy struggling for our salvation through every appointed means, so will he seek his lost ones everywhere; seek not until weary and discouraged, but *until the lost is found.*

I am a Universalist because I believe in a God who is infinitely perfect; who in perfect love conceived of this creation, in perfect wisdom planned, and with perfect power will execute and bring to its final good. In carrying out this divine plan he uses the best means; he sends his Son to be the divine teacher and exemplar; his Spirit illuminates and inspires; he rewards virtue and punishes sin, and continues to show his perfect will until all men shall see that his will is best and turn to it of their own free will, and at last there shall be one people and God himself shall be their God.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—If your morals make you weary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say give them up, for they may be all you have, but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

MON.—If we find but one to whom we can speak out our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God.

TUES.—To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.

WED.—In every part and corner of our life, to lose oneself is to be gainer; to forget oneself is to be happy.

THURS.—There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

FRI.—We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right; Christ would never hear of negative morality. *Thou shalt* was ever his word, with which he superseded shalt not.

SAT.—It is a very old and a very true saying, that failure is the only high road to success.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Once More

Once more the mornings roll in mist,
The willows drone with bees,
The last thin ice-cakes pass again
To join the swinging seas.

Once more upon the windy hills
The purple violets blow,
Along the alder swamps again
The crimson briers glow.

Once more about the valley's rim
The idle cattle roam,
The crocus stares round-eyed again
Above the steaming loam.

Once more across the meadow-lands
The orchards billow white,
The night-hawks swoop and twang again
Above the silent night.

Once more the circling swallows dart
Around the hanging eaves,
The rain returns to grieve again
Among the dripping leaves.

—*Lloyd Roberts, in The Outlook.*

The Robin

Wherever the robin breeds within the confines of civilization, man is its friend, and a mutual attachment has grown up that borders on sentiment. The man extends his protection and the bird rewards by making his home almost under the same roof tree, displaying a confidence in his human brother that is begotten by lack of fear.

In the robin's winter home in the southland all is different, for there no sentiment but that of gastronomics is displayed; the bird is simply a tender morsel to be made an integral part of a stew or a pie. In central Tennessee are large tracts of cedars, the berries of which serve to attract myriads of robins in the winter. One small hamlet in this district sends to market annually enough robins to return $500, at 5 cents per dozen, equal to 120,000 birds. My informant naively says: "They are easily caught at night in the roost in young cedars; we go to the roost with a torch and kill them with sticks, others climb the trees and catch the robins as they fly in." One of the officers of the Louisiana Audubon Society furnishes the following information regarding robin slaughter in his own state: "They are commonly killed for home consumption and for marketing, a conservative estimate of the number killed annually being from a quarter of a million in ordinary years to a million when they are unusually plenty. During the past winter one gunner killed over 300 robins in one day, and in one village in the state the boys and young men are vieing with each other for a record in robin killing, the present high score being 200 birds in one day." Better, by far, sentiment than slaughter, as the one preserves and the other destroys what is of great value, as will be proven later.

That the robin is a very beneficial bird there is no doubt, although it is claimed by some persons, especially small fruit growers, that it eats cultivated fruit to an injurious extent. This charge, the evidence shows, is confined to special localities and to a very limited period and is not at all general.

In the southern country, where the robin receives no protection whatever, it can not be claimed that it eats cultivated fruit, as the bird is not resident there except in the winter, when fruit is not in season.

The horticulturist can protect his small fruit crops by growing a few wild fruits for the robins and the cultivated kinds will not be disturbed; but thousands of injurious insects will be eaten that would otherwise be a pest.

An analysis of the 44 per cent of the robins' food consisting of insects is not only of interest, but is instructive, as it serves to show that during the whole year the average is well kept up. Beetles of various kinds (Coleoptera) form nearly 19 per cent of the food for the year, in May reaching a maximum of over 53 per cent, which is largely of May beetles (Lachnosterna). There are over sixty species of this genus in the United States, all of which are harmful. The adults sometimes completely defoliate small trees and do great harm to large ones. The larvæ of these beetles are known as "white grubs" and are often great pests, especially in strawberry plantations and in pastures, where they destroy the roots of the grasses. Grasshoppers and crickets (Orthoptera) are also eaten to a considerable extent, over 9 per cent being the average for the year; in August they comprise over 30 per cent of the food. Both of these classes of insects are serious pests, and any bird that destroys them is too valuable to kill.

The other 17 per cent of insect food consists of moths and butterflies (Lepidoptera), bees, wasps and ants (Hymenoptera), bugs, aphids (Hemiptera), etc. Many larvæ of the owlet-moths (Noctuidæ) are eaten, a family which includes caterpillars, so well known and dreaded by the name of "cutworms." One robin had no less than forty army worms in its stomach and another contained 125 March flies (Bibio). Some of these latter destroy the roots of growing plants, especially grass. The wise farmer and plantation owner will use every means in his power to encourage the robin to remain on his premises, for by so doing myriads of noxious insects will be destroyed.—*Wm. Dutcher, Chairman Protection Committee, American Ornithologists' Union.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

The Social Labor Vote

There are many things to indicate that organized labor intends to have a larger share in civic and national politics in the future. After the long session of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor in Washington recently, by which a delegation was sent to both Houses of Congress and to the White House presenting a memorial which set forth the demands of labor, there has been general comment in the press on the place that organized labor and organized socialism is likely to have in our political future. The addresses of both Speaker Cannon and President Roosevelt have been commended even by their enemies for their frankness and fearlessness. Even *The Post*, which ordinarily finds much in the President to criticize, is generous in commendation of his words to the labor delegates; and the *New York Sun* says: "It is well that the labor trust should have noticed occasionally that its members have no more rights than common, ordinary citizens." In Chicago the labor unions are proposing to seek control of the primaries that candidates may be nominated for public office who are known to be in sympathy with the demands of labor. A convention has been called for Sunday, April 8th, to be made up of five delegates from each labor union not less than one year old. It may be that the day is nearer than we think when there will be a realignment of political leaders and a labor party will be a force to be reckoned with in political elections. In the English Parliament today there are not only several members elected by the labor vote, but many of these are the leading socialists of the nation. While the preceding Parliament had but two social democrats among its members, it is reported that twenty-five socialists are now on the roll, and many of these were elected by a stupendous majority. The impending general election in France will be momentous for many reasons, but particularly because of the influence of the socialist vote. The same thing is true all over the continent, and it seems likely that a similar result is to be expected in this nation in the near future.

C. A. O.

Foreign Notes

THE PASSING OF M. AUDEMARS.—Those who attended the Liberal Religious Congress at Geneva last autumn will readily recall the venerable figure of a feeble-looking man, the oldest in attendance at the Congress, whose share in the opening exercises was the impressive recital of the Lord's Prayer. M. Audemars, who, in spite of his advanced age—he was then almost 93—was in attendance at several sessions of the Congress, has this spring passed away. He was one of the oldest residents of Lausanne, where he was formerly pastor and an outspoken, militant representative of liberal Christianity. Retiring after half a century of pastoral activity, his later years were devoted to his books and to music. The latter, it is said, was his one luxury; even the past winter, so long as he was able to go out, he missed none of the symphony concerts in his home city. He was an ex-president of the St. Cecilia Society and formerly took an active part in the musical life of Lausanne.

THE GENEVA CONGRESS.—Gratifying notices of the recently published proceedings of the Geneva Congress continue to appear in the Swiss papers, including one by Gaspard Vallette in La Semaine littéroire.

THE FATE OF THE SPINNING WHEELS.—The eagerly expected cargo of spinning-wheels so generously contributed by Swiss peasants for the benefit of Miss Hobhouse's industrial schools in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, is announced as having reached its destination. Unfortunately the satisfaction of both donors and recipients is marred by the fact that the wheels were badly damaged in transit. Owing to inadequate packing, out of 450 wheels only five were intact at the end of their long journey. This means a considerable outlay for repairs and a still further lapse of time before many of the wheels can be available, which is, of course, a disappointment. Miss Hobhouse, as usual, makes the best of it. Under date of June 27 she writes to Mme. Iegli Asinelli, from Langlaagte, to this effect:

"Your sixty-six boxes are now unpacked, a task that took ten days of steady labor. Placed side by side this

GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

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The Old Guard

We are in receipt of a letter inclosing two dollars to renew subscription to UNITY, with the statement:

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G. KARNER, Quincy, Ill.

Inquiry of our Senior Editor elicits the fact that there are not a few included in this list. We should like to publish the names of those who have subscribed for this paper for *over 28 years.* Will our friends kindly send us the names of this *Old Guard* of our Leader?

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DEATH AS A FRIEND. Sermon pamphlet by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Price, 10 cents, or $1.00 per dozen.

THE ASSURANCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN. By Evelyn H. Walker. Easter leaflet in white and green. Price, 10 cents, or $1.00 per dozen.

EASTER GREETING. Poem and design by Bertha E. Jaques. Folder. Price, 15 cents.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S PRAYER. Easter card. Price, 5 cents, or 50 cents per dozen.

Sent postpaid by Unity Publishing Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

army of wheels is quite a sight, and the thought they have all been given with so much love and generosity adds greatly to their value. It is with real emotion that one notes on many of them bits of unfinished work, left there, no doubt, by workers long since dead."

Scarcely less touching were the letters received from many of the Swiss donors, some of which are quoted in a charming article by Mme. Iegli Asinelli in the *Signal de Genèva.*

One young man from Canton Arrgan writes, for example: "My sister is dead, and for a long time her wheel has sung no more; perhaps it will cheer the fireside of some Boer orphan."

Another farmer writes: "Our family had grown so numerous that at last we had to move, and I thought to myself it would be best to burn this old relic. But then I said to myself, 'Wait though, John, perhaps the wheel may still do some day for the missions,' and now, sure enough, it will be of service to these poor Boers."

Another, evidently a very practical woman, told how she had a little grocery store at the entrance to the village, and when the peasants came to trade she would show them Mme. Iegli Asinelli's appeal for wheels, which she had pasted conspicuously on the wall of her shop. "We talk of the Boers and later those who can bring me their wheels. They are very old and not always complete, but Pierre, my son, who is a good cabinet-maker, will do his best to repair them nicely. I have received seven so far."

So it went, and whether they came from near or far, the expense of transportation to Basel of every one of the 450 wheels was paid by the peasant donor. If some more well-to-do people would show something of this persistent and generous interest, Miss Hobhouse's work would develop wonderfully. In a February letter she writes from Langlaagte:

"Since last I wrote I seem to have been doing little else than unpacking, oiling and testing Swiss wheels. It is impossible to prepare more than a couple of dozen or so just now to supply the most immediate want, and take the remainder in hand a few at a time as we are able. Three have already been conveyed away in Cape carts to three farms, and several more follow tomorrow. A very beautiful ebonized wheel with ivory settings and winders and distaff complete I gave to Marte Labbe, one of our most devoted girls, who keeps the books. Every outhouse is packed with wheels standing in serried ranks, waiting their turn to be examined by the carpenter."

February 4 she writes from Philippolis: "I have been very busy here; nineteen wheels have now been given away and twelve more must be done tomorrow. They have come in the nick of time to supply the demand, for undoubtedly the spinning industry is taking firm root.

"It is delightful to come here after six months' absence and see how, slowly but surely, the work advances. Quite beyond my wildest hopes within the first twelve months. In the hamlets of Royelsfontein and Watuklovf, besides several outlying farms, quite a number of people spin who have been taught by our pupils. The fact that in this school we may now be sure of a regular and sufficient supply of yarn means more to the success of the weaving than any one can imagine who has not been through all the anxiety we have in this past year.

"It is cheering to go from room to room and see great bundles of long skeins hanging around every wall, and I feel jealous for Langlaagte, where we are still always waiting for a supply of yarn. In other ways, too, I am immensely encouraged by what I find here; the tone of the school is admirable, the spirit and conduct of the girls excellent. Miss Picard keeps a bright, energetic atmosphere about her and the girls are very fond of her.

"There is to be an exhibition of home-made Boer articles at Johannesburg in April, and I have been asked to supply a whole stall. Consequently there is quite a flutter among our girls as to the rugs they will make during the next seven weeks and a dread lest the dyes won't hold out. It is difficult at present to get any local vegetable dye; the ground is so hard with the drought that the roots of the bushes cannot be dug out.

* * *

"Yesterday was Saturday, and it was delightful to find girls from six and seven hours' distance coming in with big bundles of yarn to sell, and to pick up new ideas or new patterns to take home. In this way they will keep in touch with us, and if only we had a motor or a cart and horse we could drive around to see them and stay a night here and there."

It is gratifying to note in Mme. Iegli Asinelli's recently published acknowledgments of contributions the names of several Americans, but we wish the list might be very much extended. The names of certain staunch American friends of the cause appear more than once in her lists, but there are not as many new names as one would expect after all that is now known of the work, its needs and its prospects.

Stimulated by a German translation of extracts from Miss Hobhouse's letters, with introduction and commentary by Prof. Baumgartner, of Zurich, contributions have been coming in encouragingly from Germany and German Switzerland, enabling Mme. Iegli Asinelli to send 600 pairs of carders, besides paying the cost of transportation on the wheels after they reached the Cape.

M. E. H.

Have You Lost Your Poise?

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

That is to say, repose. Not repose, mind you, that means rest in the night-watches, but repose of spirit—and flesh—no matter what may be the call of the day's duties. This poise, this repose, is rarer than white blackbirds.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* says:

"There is a word (repose) which, with all it signifies, we are in danger of losing. It represents calmness and peace and tranquillity; its whisper is soothing and quieting, and gives promise in the burden and heat of the noontide of the rest that awaits us if we will but pause and take it. We are missing all sense of its value in the rush and hurry and nerve-racking race we are pursuing, often unconsciously, sometimes needlessly, always unfortunately."

What greater charm can be added to a woman of fine character and winning personality, than the charm of poise—repose of manner? No woman, having conquered this secret, will ever have need

to *pose*. Repose is to pose what Parian marble is to plaster of paris. She who has repose of spirit and expresses it in her outward attitude and motions, is rightly posed always, whatever the combination of events.

"Caleb Cobweb," the philosopher of the *Christian Endeavor World*, has a good half column on "The art of quiet motion," in which he draws spiritual analogies from the partly solved problems of the ship-builders who "are devoting more and more study to the problem of diminishing the vibration of the machinery." The different parts of ships, he tells us, possess different rates and directions of vibrations. A wonderful "pallograph" registers these. They are likewise registered in the suffering members of mal de mer victims! And —so the wise ones tell us—the latter registration would not be so alarming in results if the vibrations of hull and engine could be put out of harmony; on the same principle, possibly, marching columns of men break ranks on bridges of uncertain strength; harmony of vibration might wreck the structure.

So look to your vibrations! Get poise by mastering the secret of repose.

Poise out of repose; out of repose, power, and Tennyson puts the whole secret into his famous couplet:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Grinnell, Ia.—The most remarkable revival ever experienced in this city has just been enjoyed. Our church united with four other churches under the lead of the Rev. John A. Earl, Baptist pastor of Waterloo. Two services a day were held. Crowded houses were the common rule and the presence of the Spirit was wonderfully felt. Mr. Earl preached a plain, old-fashioned gospel and the methods were not characteristic of the "new evangelism." Pastor Vittum has over four hundred persons to look after from the results of the meetings. The church came into a condition of consecreation which promises good things for the future.—*Advance.*

Children's Sayings

The schoolmaster asked the pupils: "Suppose in a family there are five children and a mother has only four potatoes between them. Now, she wants to give every child an equal share. What is she going to do?" Silence reigned in the room. Everybody calculated very hard, till a little boy stood up, and gave the unexpected answer: "Mash the potatoes, sir."—*Christian Register.*

The mother of the family stood in the reception hall, says *Household Words*, with her eyes fixed on the rather dowdy applicant for a position in her nursery. "Why were you discharged from your last place?" she asked, shrewdly. "Because I sometimes forgot to wash the children, mem." "O mamma," came in chorus from the children hanging over the stairs, "please engage her!"

A little girl of seven or eight years stood one day before a closed gate. A gentleman passed slowly. The little girl turned and said to him: "Will you please open this gate for me?" The gentleman did so. Then he said kindly: "Why, my child, couldn't you open the gate for yourself?" "Because," said the little girl, "the paint's not dry yet."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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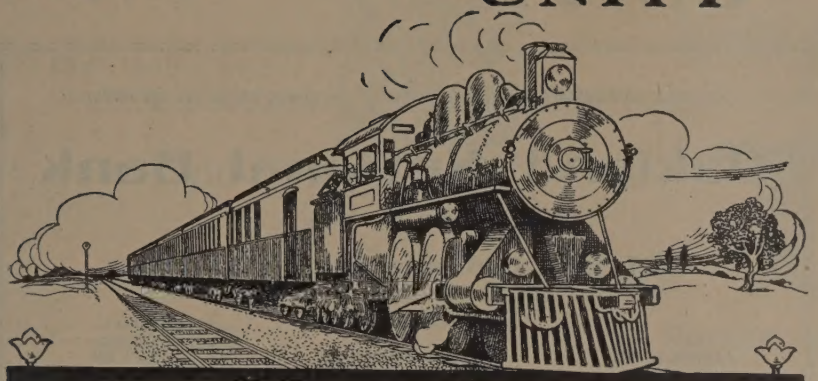

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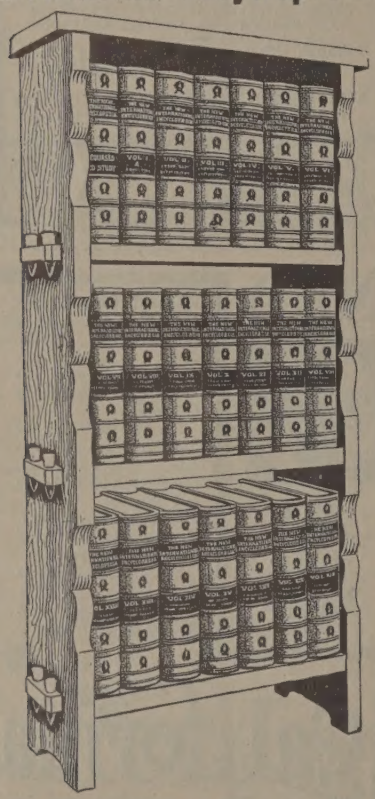

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